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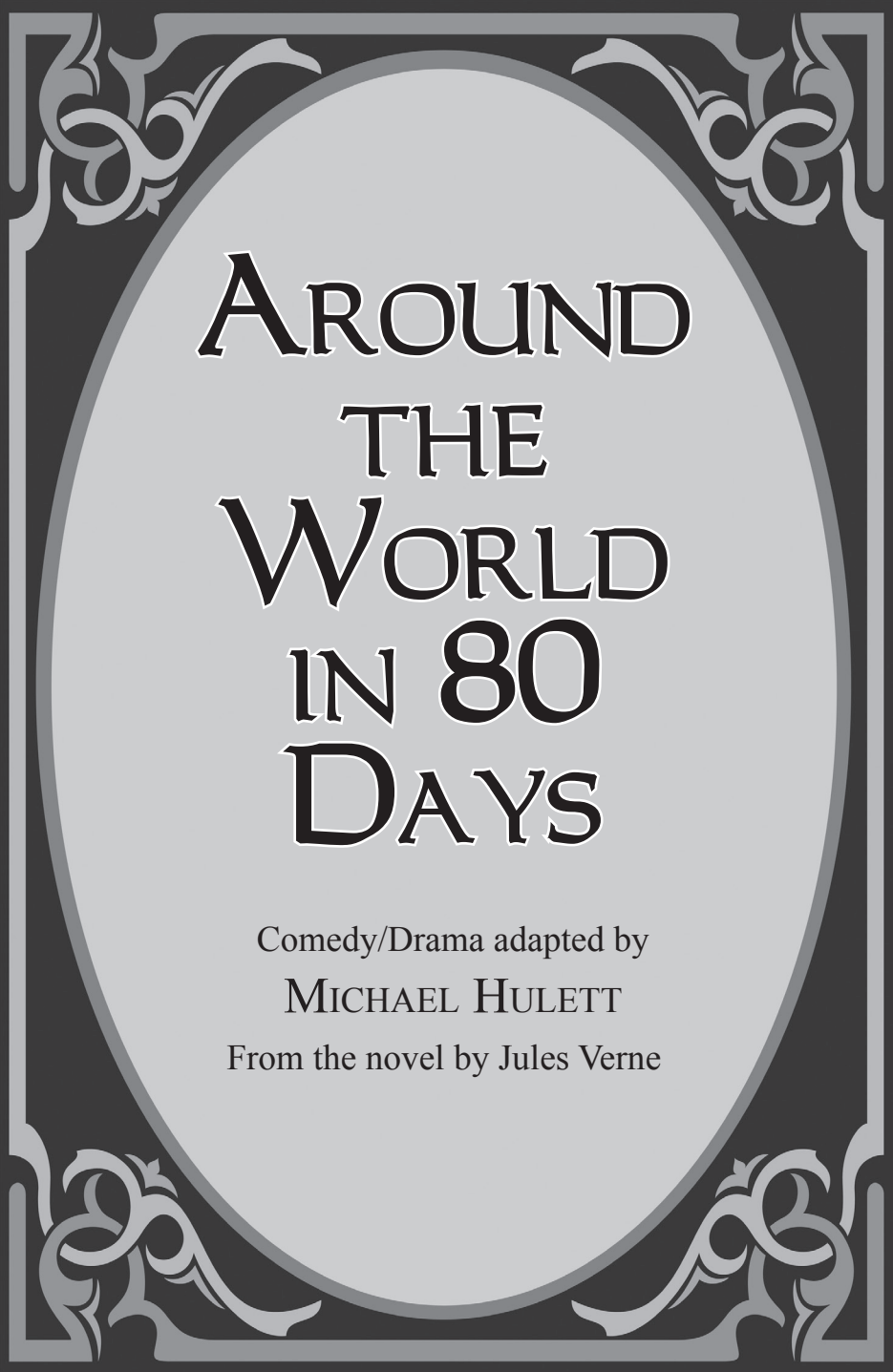
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Family Plays



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

Comedy/Drama adapted by
MICHAEL HULETT
From the novel by Jules Verne

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

“The play is eminently watchable, and the audience laughs till the tears flow.”

(*Rocky Mountain News* review of the Heritage Square Opera House premiere in Golden, Colo.)

Jules Verne’s adventure is an exciting and clever but surprisingly simple-to-stage dramatization by Michael Hulett, award-winning playwright with off-Broadway and coast-to-coast productions.

Comedy/Drama. Adapted by Michael Hulett. Based on the novel by Jules Verne. *Cast: 4m., 2w., extras.* This is the well-loved story of Phileas Fogg, who bets his friends that he can go around the world in 80 days (that’s before airplanes). His fiancée, Amanda, thinks he is running from her, so she follows. Scotland Yard thinks he has robbed a bank, so Inspector Fix follows, too. They land in Egypt, where Amanda is nearly sold as a harem slave; in Malaya, where headhunters threaten; in Denver, where they meet Mark Twain; and across the ocean in a rickety steamship that they have to burn to keep the boiler boiling. It’s a mad mix-up of narrow escapes, wild escapades, and a lesson in literature all rolled into one. *The challenge for the long one-act play is the six scene changes. But the carefully designed scenes alternate between the apron and stage, allowing ample time. Simple, suggestive set pieces prove rapid and smooth. Production notes cover ideas for all phases of the show. The play may be presented with a cartoonlike comic book tone. Extremely flexible sets and 1872 costumes. Approximate running time: 90 minutes. Code: AH7.*

Family Plays

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(AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS)

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AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

Cast of Characters

Phileas Fogg, *a gentleman of leisure*
Passepartout, *his gentle manservant*
Amanda, *a lady of breeding*
Agnes, *her energetic, strong-willed, and strong-armed maid*
Inspector Fix, *a detective from Scotland Yard*
Bobbins, *a London bobby*

The Crowd

(The following roles may be played by one or many actors)

Filby, *a gentleman of sport, friend of Mr. Fogg*
Abdul, *an unsavory Arab*
Beggar
Fortune Teller
Man
Cannibal Chief
Sam, *a frontier journalist*
Belle (or Bill), *a saloon keeper*
Captain, *an old salt*
People of London, Egypt, Malaya, and America

The time is 1872

Playing time: About 80 minutes



First produced at the Heritage Square Opera House, Denver, Colorado, February through April, 1985, under the direction of G. William Oakley, with the following cast:

Phileas Fogg	T. J. Mullin
Passepartout	Brian Norber
Amanda	Colleen Simmons
Agnes	Sherry K. Yetter
Inspector Fix	Alan D. Klimpke
Bobbins	Alex Crawford
Other roles	Randy Johnson, Steven P. Leuthauser

ABOUT THE PLAY

Here is Jules Verne's delicious tribute to man's love for speed and adventure brought to the stage in an excitingly clever but surprisingly simple-to-stage dramatization.

The challenge for the director and technicians are the six scene changes. But the playwright has carefully designed his play so that (a) the scenes may be alternated between an apron or forestage and the main stage, allowing ample time for scene changes, or (b) very simple, suggestive set pieces may be used so that changes can be rapid and smooth. More suggestions for handling the scene shifts—perhaps with the use of travelogue slides and music or choreographed movement—are given in the “Production Notes” at the back of this book

The play may be presented with a cartoon-like comic book tone. Set and costumes can aid the exquisitely drawn characters in producing a comedy of rare delight. The staid, precise, and elegantly imperturbable Fogg; the beautiful and persistent Amanda; shy and fragile Passepartout; overpowering Agnes; the Keystone Kops-like Bobbins and Fix are the kind of roles that performers kill for. And the actors in the crowd scenes find that being an “extra” is extra-special. The Crowd performs as passengers in Victoria Station, Arabs in Cairo, cannibals in Malaya, and cowboys and dancing girls in a Wild West saloon. Five or six actors (or perhaps just two, as in the premiere) can handle all the “crowd” roles, or you can put every member of your organization on stage.

Playing time is 80-100 minutes, but you might consider advertising: “See **AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS** in 80 minutes.”

This play provides a rare opportunity for the director, set designer, costumer, and cast members to set their imagination full speed ahead. Bon voyage.



Author Michael Hulett is an award-winning playwright with off-Broadway and coast-to-coast productions on his list of credits. “Both my parents were in professional theater in New York, so I feel like I’ve always been involved in theater,” he said. “I have tried to learn my craft from backstage to out front.” He now lives in Denver.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS

Scene the First

The Residence of Mr. Phileas Fogg, London

[BIG BEN strikes its familiar cadence followed by two strokes o'clock. On what would be the third strike the DOORBELL is rung. PASSEPARTOUT enters and crosses to the door, but on his way he is distracted by the tiniest mote of dust on a table, which he picks up and puts in his pocket. Then he stops to straighten a picture by half a millimeter. He compares his watch against the mantel clock and takes out a key to wind it. Finally he opens the door and receives FILBY]

PASSEPARTOUT. Good afternoon, monsieur.

FILBY. Afternoon, Passepartout. Is your master within?

PASSEPARTOUT. I regret to say he is not, Mr. Filby.

FILBY. Ah, ha! Then I have caught him.

PASSEPARTOUT. *[Looks around]* Caught him? Where?

FILBY. Out. Who would have thought it? The punctilious Phileas Fogg.

PASSEPARTOUT. But here he is now, monsieur. *[FOGG enters]*

FILBY. You're late! Ha, ha. While I for once am precisely on time.

FOGG. *[Handing his coat, top hat, and gloves to Passepartout]* I late?

FILBY. Our appointment was for two o'clock and I believe I heard Big Ben strike the hour at the very moment I turned your bell.

FOGG. Then Big Ben is wrong. It's the only possible explanation.

FILBY. *[Grinning]* Would you care to wager?

FOGG. Filby, there is nothing I love more than an honest wager, but to take your money under these circumstances would not be a gamble but a crime. It is a sure thing.

FILBY. That Big Ben is wrong? Big Ben is never wrong.

FOGG. And I am never late. Would you care for some coffee? Passepartout? *[PASSEPARTOUT exits to get coffee]*

FILBY. To impugn the integrity of Big Ben is to cast aspersion on British technology!

FOGG. And what of my integrity?

FILBY. Personally, I would not trust any man who carries three watches when one will do.

FOGG. I carry three watches because one may be in error, and two

watches would only show that one is wrong, not which is right; therefore the third keeps the other two honest. And the virtue of the English is not in always being correct but in admitting when we are not and then setting things to right. [*BIG BEN strikes two again*] Good thing you didn't wager. [*PASSEPARTOUT serves coffee as the gentlemen relax*]

FILBY. Frankly, Phileas, before I had the mixed pleasure of meeting you, I never paid that much notice to the time. I managed very well knowing supertime by my stomach and bedtime by the weight of my eyelids.

FOGG. Filby, a man who knows the time is master of it. And the immutable fact about time is that there is never enough. Time is our most precious possession, for those of us who can possess it, because time gives value to everything else. What worth is money without time to spend it? Love has no meaning when there is no time to express it. No matter how rich you may think you are, when you run out of time you have nothing.

FILBY. [*Picking up a copy of the "Times"*] Well here's a fellow thinks he's rich. Did you see the "Times"? Made off with 55,000 pounds from the Bank of England. Apparently the police have no clues either, only a description from the teller.

FOGG. Passepartout, this coffee is cold. You know my coffee is always to be served at precisely 87 degrees Centigrade.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, monsieur.

FOGG. Whereas this coffee could not be more than 85 degrees at the most. [*He takes out a thermometer and measures it*] Do you see?

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, monsieur. Sorry, monsieur.

FOGG. Please take it away.

FILBY. [*As the cup is snatched from his lips*] But . . . but . . . Do you also carry three thermometers, Fogg?

FOGG. No clues, did you say?

FILBY. None, except that the thief appeared to be a gentleman.

FOGG. That is a contradiction in terms. In any case I imagine he is a clever fellow.

FILBY. Clever or not, he won't get far. There's a reward offered, and detectives are posted at every railway station.

FOGG. Certainly someone as audacious as he would not find that much of an obstacle.

FILBY. Dash it all, Fogg, if I don't believe you actually admire the rogue. Or envy him.

FOGG. Nonsense.

FILBY. Why not? I'd wager that even someone as stuffy as yourself secretly craves excitement and adventure.

FOGG. Excitement is a weakness of character; and adventure is a defect in proper planning.

FILBY. [*Laughs*] I take back what I said. No one could accuse you of craving anything. So you think he'll escape, eh? Well, who knows, the world is a large place.

FOGG. It was once.

FILBY. Once? Do you mean to suggest it has grown smaller?

FOGG. In size, no, but in time, most definitely.

FILBY. And just how small would you guess the world to be?

FOGG. Eighty days. And I never guess.

FILBY. Eighty days?

FOGG. Precisely. I have of late made a study of the world's time-tables—steamships and railways. I find them fascinating reading.

FILBY. You would.

FOGG. A man can travel around the world in 80 days.

FILBY. Ridiculous.

FOGG. I can prove it to you.

FILBY. On paper, perhaps. Theoretically. But ships and trains do not travel by theory alone.

FOGG. Nevertheless it can be done.

FILBY. Would you like to bet?

FOGG. Certainly.

FILBY. How much?

FOGG. Twenty thousand pounds.

FILBY. Twenty thou—? [*He laughs*] I wouldn't take your money, Phileas. I'd be a bigger thief than this bloke. Even if I thought you weren't joking.

FOGG. A true Englishman does not joke about so serious a thing as a wager.

FILBY. Anyway, it's entirely speculation. There's no way to settle the wager if we made it.

FOGG. Unless someone were to do it.

FILBY. Yes, but who?

FOGG. I. Is it a bet?

FILBY. Now see here, Fogg, what about bad weather, delays, native uprisings? What about the unexpected?

FOGG. There's no such thing.

FILBY. You're insane.

FOGG. Quite the contrary, I am a totally rational man, interested in doubling his bank account. Shall we shake hands on it?

FILBY. Twenty thousand pounds. *[They shake]* When do you leave?

FOGG. I have nothing on for this evening. There is a train from Victoria at 4:23 p.m.

FILBY. Then I'll leave you to your preparations. This very room, 80 days hence. Good luck, Phileas.

FOGG. Luck doesn't enter into it. *[FILBY exits]* Passepartout!

PASSEPARTOUT. *[Entering]* Yes, monsieur?

FOGG. We must pack. We are leaving for a trip around the world.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, monsieur, very good, mons— Around which world?

FOGG. This world, of course. I am not in any hurry to tour the next world.

PASSEPARTOUT. Around the world. Just like that. Yes, monsieur, I will pack. Anything else? *[He takes out a thermometer]* Would monsieur like to have his temperature taken?

FOGG. I am quite well, thank you. In fact I never felt better. *[FOGG picks up a carpetbag and empties its contents. He hands it to his bewildered servant to hold. FOGG exits and returns with an armful of neatly stacked banknotes. PASSEPARTOUT's eyes open wider as FOGG stuffs them in the carpetbag and snaps it shut]* That should do it. I do so hate packing. It's such a chore. We can purchase whatever we need. Anything special you wish to bring? *[Still stunned, PASSEPARTOUT shakes his head]* Then you're ready. *[PASSEPARTOUT nods]* Let us be off.

[PASSEPARTOUT opens the door for their departure just as AMANDA sweeps in grandly, followed by her maid, AGNES, who is laden with packages]

AMANDA. Phileas!

FOGG. Good afternoon, Amanda. *[He kisses her hand]*

AMANDA. Now is that any way to greet your intended?

FOGG. I believe so, yes. *[She throws her arms around his neck and gives him a big kiss]* Really, Amanda, what will the servants think?

AMANDA. Precisely what I wish them to think, which is that we are in love. We *are* in love, aren't we, Phileas?

FOGG. As you say, my dear.

AMANDA. Then why won't you set the date? You who are so concerned about the time.

FOGG. It is because I am so concerned I want the time to be right.

AMANDA. But we've been engaged six years. Mamma is starting to notice. Surely in six years there has been an opportune time?

FOGG. Amanda, aren't you happy being engaged to me?

AMANDA. Of course, Phileas. Deliriously.

FOGG. Then why shouldn't you want your happiness prolonged? *[AGNES, with PASSEPARTOUT's assistance, has just managed to set down her burden of packages. To his discomfort, she has been making eyes at him]*

AMANDA. Oh, don't bother putting them down, Agnes. We won't be long. *[AGNES, grumbling, starts picking up the packages]*

FOGG. Shopping?

AMANDA. Oh, no, no. Just impulse buying. When I shop they usually deliver by horse and wagon. I came by to invite you to tea at four.

FOGG. Will your mother be there?

AMANDA. Of course.

FOGG. In that case I regret that I can't have tea at four, but I shall be delighted to when I return.

AMANDA. When you return? And, when, pray tell, might that be?

FOGG. In precisely 79 days, 23 hours and 51 minutes.

AMANDA. Seventy-nine days!

FOGG. Twenty-three hours and . . . 50 minutes.

AMANDA. Then I shouldn't keep the kettle on.

FOGG. Not on my account.

AMANDA. Agnes! Put those parcels down! Something else is beginning to boil. Phileas, dear, dear Phileas, and where, if it isn't too forward of me to ask, are you going?

FOGG. Going? Why, to London.

AMANDA. I see, well, be sure to pack your woolens; I understand London is dreadfully chilly in December. Phileas, this is London. We are in London.

FOGG. Precisely.

AMANDA. Then it seems to me you might save Passepartout some inconvenience in packing.

FOGG. Amanda, my dear, I have always been one with the Eastern philosophers who maintain that the virtue of travel is found not where one is going but how one gets there.

AMANDA. And do be so kind as to explain to a simpleminded woman, Phileas, what is the virtuous way of travelling from London to London?

FOGG. Why, around the world.

AMANDA. Around the world!

FOGG. In 80 days. Come Passepartout, we have a train to catch.
[FOGG and PASSEPARTOUT exit]

AMANDA. Agnes! Pick up those parcels! We have a man to catch!
[They exit]

Scene the Second

Victoria Station

[Amidst the bustle of travellers to and fro, BOBBINS, a London bobby, is whistling on duty and swinging his nightstick. FIX, a plain-clothes detective, is scrutinizing people as they pass by. Finally BOBBINS notices Fix's suspicious behavior]

BOBBINS. 'Ere now, let's move along.

FIX. Are you speaking to me?

BOBBINS. Oh, it talks does it? Yes, I am speaking to you, and I am telling you to move along.

FIX. Do you know who I am?

BOBBINS. It's not who you are but what you are interests me, and by the highly suspicious looks you've been giving these honest people it wouldn't surprise me if you were a pick-pocket, a sticky-fingers, a cut-purse or the like. So if you don't move along I'll have to run you in.

FIX. On what charge?

BOBBINS. Vagrancy will do for a start. Then again you might just turn out to be that very fellow what robbed the Bank of England and I might earn a fat reward. My Bess would like that, I'm sure.

FIX. And if I were he, what would I be doing standing around here waiting to be picked up by a flat-footed policeman?

BOBBINS. Exactly my point. Throw me off guard.

FIX. So to avoid being thought a crook, I pretend to be a criminal. Highly ingenious.

BOBBINS. Thank you.

FIX. You imbecile!

BOBBINS. 'Ere now . . .

FIX. [*Flashing his papers*] I am Inspector Fix of Scotland Yard, and I could have your job.

BOBBINS. [*Stands rigidly to attention and salutes*] Begging your pardon, sir, but you wouldn't want my job. Not at the moment anyways.

FIX. What's your name?

BOBBINS. Bobbins, sir. Bob Bobbins. Mayhap I was a trifle hasty, but I didn't mean no disrespect. Fact of the matter is today's my first day on the job, and you did appear to fit the criminal profile we've been taught—shifty eyes, stooped shoulders, disrespect for authority—

FIX. That's quite enough, Bobbins.

BOBBINS. [*Continuing*] —stupid looking. Yes, sir!

FIX. Allow me to teach you a lesson of my own. [*He shows him a sheet of paper*] How would you describe this man?

BOBBINS. Fine looking chap. A gentleman.

FIX. You don't say. And if you saw this man you'd give him the time of day? Find him a carriage? Tip your hat?

BOBBINS. Yes, sir! First thing a bobby's taught is respect.

FIX. You idiot! This is the man who robbed the Bank of England!

BOBBINS. What, him? Bless my soul.

FIX. This sketch was drawn by a police artist from a description given by the bank teller, and it's posted in every station in every precinct in the city.

BOBBINS. I thought he looked familiar.

FIX. Have you had yourself a good look now?

BOBBINS. I believe I 'ave sir.

FIX. Good. Then maybe you can be of some limited help. Victoria Station is too large for one man to cover, even if he happens to be Inspector Fix of Scotland Yard. I'm going round the other side. You remain here. If you see this man, or anyone even slightly resembling this man, blow your whistle and I'll come running.

BOBBINS. Yes, sir! Won't my Bess be excited to hear me tell this!

FIX. You do have a whistle?

BOBBINS. Oh, yes, sir.

FIX. You know how to whistle, don't you? Just put your lips together and blow.

BOBBINS. Oh, go on, sir. You're pulling my leg. Ain't you?

FIX. Not for a moment. [*FIX exits. BOBBINS takes out his whistle and examines it from end to end, puts it in his mouth and accidentally blows it. FIX comes running back*]

BOBBINS. False alarm, sir. Just practicing for the real thing, I was. Glad to see you're on your toes. [*FIX glowers and exits again. A moment later FOGG enters with PASSEPARTOUT. They stop in front of Bobbins*]

PASSEPARTOUT. Mon Dieu! I have just remembered!

FOGG. Remembered what?

PASSEPARTOUT. What I forgot! To turn off the gas in my room. The lamp is still burning!

FOGG. Then it shall continue to burn, my profligate friend, as a deduction against your salary.

PASSEPARTOUT. This will be an expensive journey. We have not left London and already I am in arrears up to my ears.

FOGG. [*Opens the satchel and peels off a pound note from a thick stack*] I will purchase our tickets. Meanwhile, you will buy some light refreshment for the trip to Dover. I will meet you at the gate in precisely . . . [*checks his watch*] four minutes.

PASSEPARTOUT. [*Taking the note*] Anything I want?

FOGG. In the days to come I will perforce rely on you and your judgment in matters more critical than the choice of repast.

PASSEPARTOUT. Yes, monsieur. Thank you, monsieur. [*As he exits, to himself*] Monsieur will like chocolate eclairs, I think.

BOBBINS. Pardon me, governor.

FOGG. Yes, what is it?

BOBBINS. You oughtn't to go waving such large sums of cash around publicly. Very tempting to them what's of the criminal element, if you catch my drift.

FOGG. Thank you, officer. I'll be careful. Good day.

BOBBINS. [*Tips his hat as FOGG leaves*] Good day, sir. A real gentleman, he is. Nice looking chap, too. [*BOBBINS stops short at his own words, then rips out the sketch*] Blimey! It's him! It's him! Help, police! Oh, wait a minute. [*He takes out his whistle but puts the wrong end in his mouth so nothing comes out when he blows. He starts to chase Fogg, then screeches to a halt and runs after Inspector Fix, passing AMANDA and AGNES, who is laden with suitcases and hatboxes*]

AMANDA. I do hope I haven't forgotten anything.

AGNES. That ain't possible, Miss, seeing as how you took everything.

AMANDA. Still we've a few minutes. Time enough to buy a little something or other.

AGNES. Please, Miss. Do me a favor.

AMANDA. We may be gone quite a while.

AGNES. That's good, Miss. Give the poor shopkeepers of London a break. With you gone they'll probably have to declare a holiday.

AMANDA. I can hardly wait to see the look on Phileas's face when he sees me.

AGNES. That will be a sight, I'm sure. My cousin Lucy's former husband had a heart attack, too. She said he was all purple.

AMANDA. Anything that will bring a little color to Phileas's grave-stone complexion will be worth it. I'd like to see him angry for once. At least it would be an emotion. And it would serve him right, gallivanting around the globe without a thought for his poor, helpless, self-sacrificing fiancée.

AGNES. Which fiancée is that, Miss?

AMANDA. Me, you ninny! [*PASSEPARTOUT enters eating an éclair*]

PASSEPARTOUT. Ah, good evening, mademoiselle, and you, too, Agnes. How thoughtful of you to see us off at the station. I would offer you an éclair, but alas, this is the last.

AGNES. Then how about a good-bye kiss?

PASSEPARTOUT. [*Evading her embrace*] Unfortunately we will not be gone that long. [*The train whistle is heard*] Ah, the whistle blows, duty calls. Would that I had but a moment to linger in a fond farewell. I will miss you.

AGNES. [*Blissfully*] You will?

PASSEPARTOUT. More than you know.

AMANDA. For less time than you think.

PASSEPARTOUT. Pardon?

AMANDA. If you don't hurry you'll also miss your train.

PASSEPARTOUT. Au revoir. [*He exits*]

AGNES. Bon voyage. Arrivederci. Gesundheit.

AMANDA. Come along, Agnes. I wouldn't want to miss our reunion. Not for the world. [*As AGNES starts gathering up the luggage, FIX and BOBBINS rush in*]

FIX. Where is he?

BOBBINS. Over there! By the gate!

FIX. I believe you're ri- [*They collide with Agnes, tumbling over the suitcases, spilling everything*]

BOBBINS. Beg pardon, Ma'am.

FIX. Hurry, you fool!

AMANDA. Just where do you think you are going?

FIX. After a bank robber. [*AMANDA crowns him with her purse*]

AMANDA. Not until you behave like gentlemen and help Agnes pick up our things.

FIX. But he's getting away!

AMANDA. Since when does justice come before civility? This is England!

BOBBINS. She's right, you know.

FIX. Then come on. It'll take longer to argue. [*BOBBINS and FIX pile the luggage hastily atop Agnes*] Did you see which car he's in?

BOBBINS. First class.

FIX. Blast! The Yard only pays for second. But we'll nab him before he crosses the Channel.

BOBBINS. We?

FIX. That's right. You are hereby deputized.

BOBBINS. But, but my Bess is waiting at home. We've only just been married.

AMANDA. Lucky man.

FIX. If she's a good wife, she'll keep. Top of the day, ladies. [*FIX hastens Bobbins off. The train whistle blows again*]

AGNES. Will we make it?

AMANDA. Agnes, dear. Common people wait for trains. Trains wait for me. [*They exit*]

Scene the Third

A Marketplace in Cairo, Egypt

[The scene opens on a noisy and colorful bazaar. Merchants hawk their wares and haggle with buyers. Veiled women dance, magicians perform, a flutist charms a snake. AMANDA enters, followed by her overburdened companion. AMANDA stops at a booth and admires a fragment of stone]

AMANDA. Oh, look Agnes, isn't it darling? Do you think we can afford it?

AGNES. What do you mean "we"? Your purse or my back?

AMANDA. It's a piece of the Great Pyramid. He guarantees it's genuine.

AGNES. Have you considered buying a genuine camel? No, on second thought, pity the poor beast. It only takes straw to break her back.

AMANDA. Now, Agnes, you must admit I've been good. In Paris I remember saying no a dozen times at least, and in Rome I was an absolute ascetic. The Pope could have ordained me.

AGNES. Speaking of celibacy, when are you going to surprise your Mr. Fogg and that cute Mr. Passepartout?

AMANDA. Patience is but another of my many virtues. If we are discovered too soon, it will be too easy for him to ship us back to England. No, no, we must wait until he has no choice but to do as I wish.

AGNES. I see, practicing for being married.

AMANDA. Oh, Agnes, you're such a tease. Sometimes I don't know why I keep you in my employ.

AGNES. Anytime you're in need of reminding, pick up one of these bags.

AMANDA. Ohh, look! *[While they have been talking, a crafty trader named ABDUL has been sizing them up. Now he has produced a sparkling pendant which has immediately caught Amanda's eye. ABDUL swings it before her hypnotically]*

ABDUL. You like?

AMANDA. I like.

ABDUL. How much?

AMANDA. You took the words out of my mouth.

ABDUL. For a pretty woman, very little, almost nothing. It is she who must give a pretty jewel its worth. But this poor gem is not for you. *[He snatches it from her reaching hand]*

AMANDA. Ohhh!

ABDUL. Not when I have one far prettier.

AMANDA. Prettier than this?

ABDUL. Much. Would you like to see it?

AMANDA. I'd die to.

ABDUL. I will not ask so high a price as that. Come, this way.

AGNES. *[Picking up her baggage and following them off]* Ask him if he has any used eunuchs for sale. No, on second thought . . .

[FOGG and PASSEPARTOUT enter and are approached by a blind BEGGAR]

PASSEPARTOUT. *[Giving the beggar a coin]* Here you are, poor man.

BEGGAR. *[Looking at the coin]* A penny! You English are all alike.

PASSEPARTOUT. Pardon, but I am French— you are not blind!